

# HELP I AM NEW !!!

Everybody knows that a new start is difficult. However what they don't know is that at least 1 person comes every year without knowing enough the language they're about to work with which makes the start more difficult.

We are about to tell you 2 stories from 2 different girls. The first girl is from Greece and the second is from Spain. Both of them didn't know German, just a little bit of English.

## 1<sup>st</sup> Story

"I came to Germany in September 2012. I couldn't speak in German and I knew basic information about English. It was really hard to start speaking in a different language for the whole day. Fortunately there was a Greek girl who helped me with the translation in some lessons and a Spanish girl (we were speaking in English) who was always with me. The first lessons were quite difficult and I wanted to cry.. I was pretending that I'm fine, so no one would realize that I had problems. Every day I was crying in my bedroom wanting to go home. My father tried to cheer me up, but I kept crying. After three months, I stopped. being sad and many things got better. I found some friends and I continued guitar lessons with a Greek teacher and Taekwondo in the school. WARNING! I'm dangerous... No, I'm kidding... Seriously now... It was really difficult, but I kept trying for the best.

Every day is a battle for life. I 'm not going to tell you the end of the story, because there is no end. My life is continued.. Every pupil like me has it's own story.. Some are almost the same and some are completely different. I hope no one has the same adventures as me. Whatever is good to have, is difficult to acquire..."

This in general new people feel lonely and desperate. That is why we ask you to help new students that come every year without someone to rely on. Because everyone needs a friend!!! ;)

## 2<sup>nd</sup> Story

"The first day was the hardest because I didn't know anyone yet even when 2 Greek girls came to show me the school I didn't understand them and the system was also very different and it took me a long time to get to know it. The first lesson was math and I was late. The teacher was asking something and I didn't understand it. It was so embarrassing being in front of the class, not knowing what the teacher said and everybody looking at me.

In most of the lessons I would sit in the back row so no one would notice me. Some people made jokes about me which were mean; most of them about the way I talk.

After a couple of months thanks to some teachers everything got easier. However it had taken too much time to learn the language and I had no friends. One day some guys were bullying me and some girls helped me. I had found the friends I could rely on.

3 years have passed since! I am a normal student who goes every day to school where I meet my friends."